The Sunne no sooner shall the mountaines touch,
But wee will shippe him hence, and this vile deede
Wee must with all our Maiesty and skill *Enter Ros. & Guyld.*
Both countenance and excuse. Ho *Guyldensterne,*
Friends both, goe ioyne you with some further ayde,
Hamlet in madnes hath *Polonius* slaine,
And from his mothers closset hath hee drag'd him,
Goe seeke him out speake sayre and bring the body
Into the Chappell; I pray you hast in this,
Come *Gertrard,* wee'le call vp our wisest friends,
And let them know both what wee meane to do
And whats vntimely done,
Whose whisper ore the worlds Diameter
As leuell as the Cannon to his blanck,
Transports his poysned shot, may misse our name,
And hit the woundlesse ayre, O come away,
My soule is full of discord and dismay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, *Rosencraus and others.*

Ham. Safely stowd, but softly, what noyse, who calls on *Hamlet?*
O heere they come.

Ros. What haue you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust whereto it is kin.

Ros. Tell vs where tis that wee may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Do not beleeue it.

Ros. Beleeue what?

Ham. That I can keepe your counsaile and not mine owne, besides to be demaunded of a spunge, what replication should be made by the sonne of a King.

Ros. Take you me for a spunge my Lord?

Ham. I sir, that sokes vp the Kings countenance, his rewards, his authorities, but such Officers do the King best seruice in the end, he keepes them like an apple in the corner of his iaw, first mouth'd to be last swallowed, when he needs what you haue gleand, it is but squeesing you, and spunge you shall be dry againe.

Ros. I vnderstand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it, a knauish speech sleepes in a foolish eare.

Ros. My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is, and go with vs to the King,

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing.

Guyl. A thing my Lord.

Ham. Of nothing, bring me to him. *Exeunt.*

Enter King, and two or three.

King. I haue sent to seeke him, and to find the body,
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose,
Yet must not we put the strong Law on him,
Hee's lou'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their iudgement, but their eyes,
And where tis so, th'offenders scourge is wayed
But neuer the offence: to beare all smooth and euen,
This suddaine sending him away must seeme
Deliberate pause, diseases desperate growne,
By desperate applyance are relieu'd
Or not at all.

Enter Rosencraus and all the rest.

King. How now, what hath befalne?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestowd my Lord
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleasure.

Kidg. Bring him before vs.

Ros. Hoe, bring in the Lord. *They Enter.*

King. Now *Hamlet,* where's *Polonius?*

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper where.

Ham. Not where he eates, but where a is eaten, a certaine conuacation of politique wormes are een at him: your worme is your only Emperour for dyet, we fat all creatures else to fat vs, and we fat our selues for maggots, your fat King and your leane begger is but variable seruice, two dishes but to one table, that's the end.

King. Alasse, alasse.

Ham. A man may fish with the worme that hath eate of a King, eate of the fish that hath fedde of that worme,

King. What dost thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go a progresse